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minished into a matter of earnest sentiment, it grows capable of entering into union with purely natural forms in an idealized state, and of being completely carried and explained by them. To this epoch, of religious sentiment, belongs the perfection of Art. Ultimately, all religious motive vanishes away from the schools, and it requires an argument to prove that Art was consecrated for a mission somewhat higher than a juggling illusion of the senses.

The symbols that are used in the archaic stage of Art, are, no doubt, derived, and partly imitated from reality. But if in part or chiefly they resemble reality, they are also designedly altered from it, in some degree. The type thus modified becomes determinate. In its subsequent reproductions, it is plain that there is not in the artists' minds an *intention* to approach as near as possible to Nature, but on the contrary there is an intention to adhere to the type where it differs from Nature, for the reason that it is in those prescriptive variations from Nature that its typical significance chiefly lies. The type itself, it is true, undergoes a certain evolution; but that progress is one naturally resulting from the mental reproduction of the type by the successive generations of artists, and not caused by renewed efforts to copy more closely from Nature. This derivation from reality also characterizes more or less all hieroglyphic and picture languages. The shapes are derived from reality, but the meaning is chiefly conventional.

We regret not having space to quote the whole of this essay, or to discuss at greater length the views of the author. It is not often that we have the privilege of reading so thoughtful expressions of Art-feeling, or of finding critical views, in the main, so just, in the writings of one not a practical artist.

In the sketches of travel which the book contains, there is evidence of keen and, what is rare now-a-days, conscientious observation of Nature, as well as uncommon sensibility to the moral effect of landscape. The study of the artist would have been of the highest benefit here again, as a corrective of the almost universal tendency to see what we want to, rather than that before us. The following from "Notes of a Tour in Switzerland" must suffice:—

Perhaps no intellectual emotion of our maturer life comes upon us with so much novelty, and strength, and delight, as that shock of surprise and pleasure which we receive from the sight of the snowy pinnacles of the Alps, shooting up into the blue heaven, and standing together in silent mysterious vastness. It provokes not to expression, but sinks upon the stilled heart, with a strange, exquisite feeling, essentially spiritual in its solemnity and depth. Our native and familiar earth is seen expanding into the sublimity of the heavens, and we feel as if our destiny were exalted along with it. The wonder and sensibility of childhood return upon us. Niagara—the ocean—cathedrals—all these, when seen for the first time, touch chords of immortality within our being. But none of them in quickness and fineness and depth of force can be equalled to the aspect of the Alps. Material and moral qualities combine to render it the most awing and ennobling that can pass before living eyes. There is a calming, elevating, consoling influence in the quietness of power, the repose of surpassing magnificence, in which these mighty eminences rest, living out their great lives in silent and motionless serenity; and our turbulent and troubled souls are reprovèd and chastened by the spectacle.

#### BEARDS AND THEIR BEARERS.

"Now of beards there be  
Such a company,  
Of fashions such a throng,  
That it is very hard  
To treat of the beard,  
Though it be ne'er so long."  
*Ballad in LE PRINCE D'AMOUR. (1650.)*

VAN HELMONT, in support of a theory, asks us if we ever saw a good angel with a beard;—one of those questions which are supposed by those who put them to determine a dispute at once. He falls to another conclusion thereupon; and maintains that if good angels do not wear beards, the men who *do* are guilty of profanity, and love goats rather than godliness. Van Helmont himself was extremely perplexed by the Jesuit casuists, who wrote on the lawfulness of beards, and who most lucidly proved, under three heads,—1st, That we are bound to shave the beard; 2d, That we are bound to let it grow; and 3d, That we may do either the one or the other.

St. François de Sales, the gentleman saint, was less perplexing when, on being asked by a lady whether she might not *rouge*, smiled, and answered, certainly, if she only painted one cheek.

Van Helmont hit the happy medium left by the Jesuitical argument, and, shaving his beard, only cultivated his mustachios.

Southey is rather inclined to accept the Dutch account of the derivation of beards, based as it is on the certainty that no man ever saw a good angel wearing one; "for," says he, "take the most beautiful angel that ever painter designed or engraver copied, put him on a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed, that the simple appendage of a tail will caco-demonize the Eudæmon." So it may be said, that a monk with a fine polished bald head is hedged with a sort of divinity, and looks altogether reverend; but only sprinkle powder from a dredging-box upon the baldness, and you make him, if not ridiculous, certainly mundane.

The English clergy do not appear to have estimated beards by Van Helmont's scale. One of the body, in the reign of Elizabeth, cherished his beard as an incentive to righteousness. "He wore it," he said, "to remind him that no act of his life should be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." This good gentleman's beard assuredly did not deserve what Shakespeare affirms some men's *do*, namely, "not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle." Henry VIII. on the other hand, would not tolerate monitorism even from his own beard, and he accordingly and characteristically cut it short. Perhaps this monarch also wished to have it out of the way of petitioners; for stroking the beard, in sign of supplication for mercy, was for thousands of years a recognized fashion, as may be seen in the Classics, and in Shakespeare, *passim*. It will be remembered that Hudibras stroked his own beard before he proceeded to "honor the shadow" of the lady's shoe-tie. This act has been editorially declared to have been done as in sign of asking for her favor; from the recollection, I suppose, of Thetis' "palming" the chin of Jupiter; but I think it was merely a piece of gallantry, "dressing," as it were, for the occasion, as in Congreve's "Way of the World," wherein it is said, "The gentlemen wait but to comb, Madam, and will wait on you." Formerly, no gallant ascended to a lady's boudoir without first combing his peruke at the foot of the stairs, and assuring himself, by a glance at his pocket mirror, that he was as well-looking a fop as ever wasted morning in talking nonsense to a speaking and painted doll.

To pull another person's beard, was to inflict on the wearer the most degrading insult that

could be thought of. When the Jew, who hated and feared the living Cid Rui Dias, heard that the great Spaniard was dead, he contrived to get into the room where the body lay, and he indulged his revengeful spirit by contemptuously plucking at the beard. But the "son of somebody" (the *hidalgo*) was plucked temporarily into life and indignation by the outrage; and starting half up, endeavored to get at his sword,—an attempt which killed the Jew by the mere fright which it caused.

To shave a Moslem's beard was once a penalty as terrible as to a Chinese the cutting off his extended tail; and Christian princes have so esteemed the appendage, that they have pawned the beard, or a portion of it, for money lent, and redeemed the sacred pledge punctually at the promised hour. They would have forfeited all claim to be honored of men, or rewarded of God; had they failed in their contract. In modern times they pledge only their words; and as words are of less value than beards, they are not so careful about the redemption thereof. That terribly mendacious personage, the Czar Nicholas, has, at all events, made his "*parole de gentleman*" to be synonymous with deliberate falsehood.

The beard, however, was long a cherished ornament of Russian chins, and the Czar Peter was accused of profanity against that orthodoxy which so distinguishes his successors by abolishing them. He certainly abolished the huge and spreading honors of the Muscovite jaws by a rough process. Taxes were laid upon them, which had their weight upon every hair; and when the recalcitrant were encountered in the street, they were seized, and their beards either torn from them, or shaved off with an oyster-knife, whereby half the chin went with the entire beard. The loyal nobility compromised the matter by preserving their beards in their cabinets, to be buried with them. They conjectured that the angels would neither know nor welcome them if they presented themselves at Heaven's gate with clean chins; they thought more of these than of clean souls.

Taylor, the water poet, catalogues in rough rhymes the various fashions after which beards were worn. They are too tedious to enumerate, and yet do not enumerate every fashion; for omission is made of the fact that it was, once the very "sweetest" mode to wear strings to the beard, as Jack the highwayman did to the knees of his breeches, and the kings of Persia, who interwove their beards with gold thread. The "cane-colored" beard was always held as detestable, that hue having been, according to tradition, that of the beard of the traitor Judas. The famous Count Brühl, who lost Saxony but preserved a collection of wigs, was more practical than the Water Poet. His wig museum not only contained every variety, but they were chronologically arranged, from the days of Aaron to those of the Count's own time. I may add, that I have never heard of the beard being held in dishonor except among the Chaymas, in South America, who have a great antipathy against it.

Apollo and Mercury are the only deities of olden times who are represented beardless. When professional barbers first arose it would be difficult to say; Rome got hers from where she procured her cooks—Sicily; but the Eternal City was four centuries and a half old before the chins of her sons were submitted to the handling of mercenaries. Scipio Africanus, despite the turmoil of battles, found time to shave every day; and he was the first Roman who did so. Had the Senate followed the same fashion, the invading Gaul would not have found a beard to pluck, and perhaps the city might have been saved. The old Persians were very obstinate in this respect; and they and the Tartars waged bloody wars, and spilled oceans of blood in no better quarrel than this

fashion of the beard. These heathens were almost as wicked as the Christian inhabitants of the adjacent towns of Bouvignes and Dinant, in Flanders. The people of both localities manufactured copper kettles, and each declared that the other's ware was made after a sorry fashion. The animosity thus created led to bloody and long-continued feuds; but peace was happily restored by the time that other towns had applied themselves to the manufacture, and this gave the old antagonists the more leisure to ruminate upon their own folly.

When Alexander ordered the Macedonian soldiers to shave, lest their beards should be handles whereby their enemies might capture them, smooth chins become a universal Greek fashion. It so continued to the reign of Justinian, but when the Turks took Byzantium, they would allow of beards only on the chins of the conquerors; and the Normans treated the Anglo-Saxons according to the same rule. Subsequently, in the year 1200, the Council of Lateran swept off the beards of the monks, "lest in the ceremony of receiving the sacrament, the beard might touch the bread and wine, or crumbs and drops fall and stick upon it." The monks then were, like the Emperors, *utraquists*. Of course dispensation was to be obtained by paying for it, and it was probably therefore that the decree was issued; but some wore their beards, in despite of the Church and her chancery, for the same reason that Fitzherbert Longbeard did in the Norman times, to show his independence of all superiors and their orders.

If there really has been wisdom in the wig, there has been wit in the beard, or its owner. More, on the scaffold, put it out of the reach of the axe, because, as he said, it had committed no treason. Raleigh, when visited by the barber of the Tower, declined to have his beard trimmed, on the ground that there was a lawsuit pending about it, between him and the King, and he would not lay out any capital on it till the cause had been decided.

The last barber who held something more than barber's office under a Christian king was Olivier le Dain, the *familiar* of Louis XI. In Persia, it has been common for the monarch's barber to be a prince over the people. The *Khasterash*, or "personal shaver," is revered by all inferior citizens; and they see nothing incongruous in the fact that a palace and slaves are part of the rewards of the man who makes the beard of the Shah an eighth wonder of the world. The beard, in fact, has ever been held in reverential regard by all Moslems, for the reason that their prophet never allowed instrument to diminish his own. An Arab would be as much horror-stricken now as ever Macedonian fugitive was of old, if in punishment for offence he were condemned to lose, by shaving, the half of his beard. He would infinitely prefer to lose half of his family.

The first man who shaved himself at Athens acquired a name by the act. He was called *Korses*, the shaven or clipped. Diogenes despised fashion, and therefore kept his beard. Not only that; he abused all who dispensed with it. "Ah!" he exclaimed with that mouth which lay behind a portion of his own hirsute dirtiness,—for Diogenes had a contempt for soap—"Ah!" cried he, on encountering a friend newly mown, "art thou inclined then to reproach Nature? Wouldst thou insinuate that she had done better to have made thee a woman rather than a man?"

At Rhodes all shaving was forbidden; but the Rhodians loved to display their independence of the law, and every man did what seemed best to his own chin. The same unruly sort of liberty was taken by the Byzantine bar-

bers. The law expressly denounced razors, but scissors were tolerated. Clipping was permitted but shaving was pronounced irreligious. Some priests shaved in spite of the decree. It was made a diocesan-court matter of; and the chief pontiff, a sort of bishop in his way, rendered an admirable judgment on the occasion. He regretted his limited powers, but he said his course was clear. Scissors were lawful, razors illegal; but the priests had first used the former, and the law did not say that razors should not be used after the scissors had been applied. For his own part, he did not well know which to adopt; but he thought his reverend gentlemen would be justified in keeping razors, but not in using them—themselves. They might shave each other.

The Mahometans are very superstitious touching the beard. They bury the hairs which come off in combing it, and break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of every hair, and that they gain them their dismissal by breaking it. Selim I. was the first Sultan who shaved his beard, contrary to the law of the Koran. "I do it," said he apologetically to the scandalized and orthodox mufti, "to prevent my vizier leading me by it." He cared less for it than some of our ancestors, two centuries ago, did for their own. They used to wear pasteboard covers over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep!

The famous Raskolniki schismatics had a similar superstition to the Mahometan one mentioned above. They considered the divine image in man to reside in the beard.

Not only have the shavers of barbaric kings been accounted superior to the Prime Minister, as in our own country French *coiffeurs* are infinitely better paid than English curates; so to be shaved by a prince is to be exalted to ecstatic honors. Hoskins, the traveller, was so operated on by the heir apparent of the Shaghies. His royal highness used a threepenny razor, and at every stroke carried away as much chin as beard; the honor was too much for the traveller, especially when it was cut out with a blunt razor.

Rogers is said to have once asked Talleyrand if Napoleon shaved himself. "Yes," said the latter, "one who is born to be a king has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." He might have added, "And the people too, pretty closely!"

But I am pulling the beard to a greater extent than my readers' patience will be inclined to bear with it. I have only to add, that the beard was a symbol of bravery as well as of wisdom; and he who had a good one on his chin was usually able to grasp a sword to some purpose in his hand.

#### —Habits and Men.

NAPLES, May 1.

At length Vesuvius is beginning to make active demonstrations. Vincenzo Cozzolino, the most intelligent of the guides, reports that, on ascending the mountain this morning, the new crater was in a great state of eruption. On his arriving at the summit it opened as if with a discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery, and burning stones were thrown out. On account of the rain and the mist little, however, could be seen. This happened about half-past four o'clock this morning. The stream of lava is very large; but for reasons already assigned, a more accurate report cannot be sent. So far I had written, when, on passing up St. Lucia, at mid-day, the whole of the mount appeared enveloped in smoke, which, as it rose, was swept away in mighty volumes in the direction of Capri. There was one spot, however, where,

during the daylight even, it was easy to see a triangular sulphureous-colored plane almost blending with the cloud, and yet evidently distinct from it, being the definite unchanging outline. About eight o'clock, it being a most gorgeous moonlight night, I determined to go down to the Mole and watch what progress the mountain was making. On turning round the corner of the Swiss Barracks, the whole heaven appeared to be in a blaze. Thousands of people on foot and in carriages were thronging down to see this wondrous sight; and hurrying on, I took up my station near the shipping. Through the tracery of the rigging of the gently heaving vessels I looked on one of the most splendid scenes I ever witnessed. The mountain was invisible; not a line was there to mark its form—all cloud and smoke, and smoke and cloud. Large round masses, black as Erebus, though tinged with white, formed the outline of the spectacle. The lower strata of cloud were all on fire, with the exception of a huge black syphon in the centre, which marked the shower of ashes, stones, and lava that was being thrown up. Lower down one could see by its brighter color the stream of lava rolling down, and every now and then, by its increased brilliancy telling of some fresh object yielding to its power. The base of the mountain was enveloped in dark clouds. Between the mountain and myself, lay the sea, so tranquil that but for the winking of its thousand eyes one might have imagined it dead; whilst the brilliant moon above us, which here appears to be suspended in the atmosphere, not stuck on a blue canvas, threw over the whole scene its softened light. The fire might have been seen to greater effect had there been no moon; but the other features of the wondrous scene would then have been lost: the ghosts of vessels sailing heavily alone under the mountain—the volumes of cloud and smoke rolling away over the sea—the spectral cities which were dimly seen fringing the base of Vesuvius, and sleeping in fancied security, whilst ruin is impending above their heads. I am giving you my first impressions on my return from witnessing this scene. As the night was so clear I took out my sketch-book and endeavored to trace a faint outline, not of Vesuvius, for it is invisible, but of the mass of blackness and fire. I never saw any representation of it which gave a just idea of Vesuvius at such times. There is nothing there to remind one of earth; and so closely, to my imagination, does it resemble the picture of Sinai drawn in Holy Writ, that I waited to hear almost the voice of the trumpet—"The smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly." The lava has descended very low, and is making rapidly for a small village; but I shall spend this night on the mountain, and will then send you fuller details. The spectacle was rendered more imposing by an eclipse of the moon, which took place at two hours and a half after midnight.—*Correspondence of the Athenæum.*

H. W.

It is of the utmost importance, however, that we should come to a clear understanding of this difference between painting and Nature, as from mistakes on this point have proceeded all the varieties of mannerism that have in every age sprung up like weeds in the fair domain of Art, and not seldom with their rank luxuriance over-run its whole extent. Every fault arising from indolence, from inability, or from conceit, may be sheltered, as it has been sheltered, under the principle that the object of painting is not to deceive. Defective coloring, mannered forms, impudent and tasteless bravado of execution, as well as servile imitations of that which is very easy to copy, the immaturity of early Art.—*Leslie.*